MISFORTUNE AND DEATH.

Mr. and Mrs. Conners and their fou

children left Philadelphia and took up their

residence in Brooklyn. Here business re-

verses followed and the family were reduced

to the verge of starvation. Then the hus-

band and father was attacked by hasty con

sumption and died. Mrs. Conners sought a

home among the Shakers at Lebanon, but

left in disgust in two months and made

Albany her home. She placed the three

eldest children, including Vicky, in the

State Orphan Asylum and came to this city

East Twenty-sixth street. But fate was re-

lentless in its persecutions, and Mrs. Conners

(To be continued to-morrow.)

both of the brothers were slain.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage),

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ed at the Post-Office at New York as second-class

Circulation Books and Press Room OPEN TO ALL. THE CIRCULATION OF THE

EVENING EDITION THE WORLD

the week ending Saturday, March 31, was as follows:

Monday 100,600 TUESDAY......106,500 WEDNESDAY 105,640 THURSDAY 102,800 FRIDAY 106,760 SATURDAY 106,880 Average for the Entire Month 106,291

WOMEN INSPECTORS.

The Central Labor Union showed its magnanimity by giving a hearty indorsement to the efforts of the Workingwomen's Society to secure an amendment to the law providing for six women inspectors of factories.

A bill to this effect is to be submitted to the Legislature, and it should have unanimous approval. There are needs among the army of girls and women employed in fac tories which only a member of their own sex could discover. A keen-eyed, warmhearted, intelligent woman's inspection is needed in these places for the safety, the comfort and the moral and physical welfare of the female operatives.

As long as women are compelled to work in factories they are entitled to the utmost pro-

A DANGEROUS DOCTRINE.

Dr. McGLTEN approaches a danger line when he teaches his followers that a starying man has the right to take a loaf of bread by force or stealth, "if necessary."

There is much virtue in an if. The right of life is paramount to that of property, when it comes to the starving point. But the danger consists in the fact that many men would rather steal or beg than work; and finding themselves without food from either resource, might act upon the reverend Doctor's license in a manner wholly different from what he intended.

Besides, the District-Attorney's office is just now sorely in need of some "vindications." And if a poor, hungry devil should steal a loaf of bread it might go hard with Contract of the Parket Street, and the

GHOSTS.

Some of the phenomena of "Spiritualism. so-called, are of a character to challenge the thoughtful consideration of those who, unlike THORKAU and most busy and well-balanced men, are not satisfied with "one world at a time."

But the trick-performing, money-grabbing, eredulity-insulting performances of charlatans in the "medium business" are quite another thing. The alleged "spirit paintings" and the gibberish that purports to come from the shades of great men in the other world are enough to make rational Express's tremendous speer "These things make us wish for a more offectual suicide!"

Why is it that a proportion of manking dearly love to be humbugged?

SHADE OF THACKERAY.

There is a blizzard in a punch-bowl a Louisville over the performances of a rich contractor and ward politician in the hitherto exclusive " Pendennis Club." The obnoxious member's strong points are

his money and his "inflooence," but it is charged that he " lacks breeding and cannot read or write."

And this is the "Pendennis Club!" Shade of THACKERAY and of the grandest gentleman in fiction, Col. Newcombe, fancy such an element in a club bearing the name of "Pen!" The literary and well-bred coterie in Louisville has certainly had hard luck.

The burning of Congressman PHELPS's house at Hackensack will cause a feeling of regret in the minds of many who do not personally know its owner and have never seen the residence. The destruction of a home is always a sad event—there are so many things that can never be replaced. To Mr. PHELPS'S home there were attached historic associa tions, and its picturesque appearance and valuable contents make its destruction a real loss to New Jersey.

When it comes to sporting news THE EVEN-ING WORLD is always a sure winner. Its triumph of last season was repeated on Saturday, when THE EVENING WORLD was on the street with the result of the game between the New Yorks and the Jaspers, and selling in front of the Bossing Sun office nine minutes before that boastful laggard made its

Why should JACOB SHARP object to being tried in a city that he claims to have benefited so greatly and which last fall voted to temper the prosecution of public thieves and bribers with a big dose of the "milk of human kindness?"

Nature indulged in an April fool trick yes. terday—sending a rain and hail storm after a morning of sunshine.

The Most Interesting. [From Puck. 1 tor, what has been ing period of your life?

ABOUT TOWN GOSSIP.

Local Agent Craig, of the B. & O., is a favorit Charles Rowley, of Spaiding's, could write a book

of the best shots in the city. Prof. Fred Lubin, of Clarendon Hall, if he were so disposed, could tell a good deal about "spirit paintings. At one time in his younger days he was famous as a medium.

on what he knows about guns. He is, besides, one

BUDS FROM JERSEY CITY.

City Mashal Long is preparing for his busiest sea

Senator Edwards is the most boyish-looking of Hudson County's representatives at Trenton.

Clerk Westervelt, of the Board of Education, 18 one of the most proficient organists in the city. Mr. William T. Evans is an art enthusiast and has one of the finest private collections in Jersey City. Cornelius Zabriskie, the well-known banker, is the largest stockholder of the Union Ferry Company of Brooklyn.

Mike O'Donnell, the populer clerk of the Court of Sessions, will abandon court duties for others. He has been appointed Assistant Postmaster.

Peter Henderson, the seedsman, converts a large ection of the hill into a flower garden in the spring. The grounds about his house are the finest in Jersey City.

HEARD AT THE CITY HALL

The following bits of conversation were overheard at the City Hallt

"James G. Blaine has Bright's disease and can not live much longer." "There goes the little fellow who hoists the flags

and pumps the water."

"The Aldermen are receiving tickets for the "When a crowd of New York aldermen arrive

in Albany the bartenders have to postpone their night off."
.. Whose turn is it to work the growler to-day?

asked one of the City Hall reporters. "It is my turn," replied a young soribe, and he started on his journey to interview Mayor Hewitt.

"I hear that Police Commissioner John R. Voor-his is to succeed Gen. Newton as Commissioner of Public Works." "Ex-Senator Daggett says he is out of politics

but wishes it to be understood that he has not re formed." 'If Police Justices were elected there would

not be one of the present justices who would have a chance of holding office." "They are talking of having a torch-light procession in Hariem because the dog pond has been

moved up there." "Dr. Issae Robinson, of the Board of Asses sors, says that swelled head is a disease familiar to politicians who secure a big office."

"Nowadays conventions are only ratification neetings. They meet to ratify nominations made beforehand by the bosses."
"He was an Assemblyman and now he is broke,"

"Of course; you see he only served one term You have to be re-elected to be taken in." "Don't they ' take you in' the first time ?"

"Yes; but the second 'take you in' is different from the first * take you in. ***



Miss Giddy (at a progressive euchre party)-Just ok at me, Mr. Lavisher, with this horrid fool's cap for a booby prize. I know I look like a fright.

Mr. Lavisher (never lost for a compliment)—Oh,
not at all. It's very becoming. Just suits your
style of beauty.

WORLDLINGS.

Senator Reagan has held public office for fifty years, his first appointment being to the position of surveyor of public lands in Texas, along to-

One of the old-timers in political life is Senator Isham G. Harris, who was Tennessee's war Gov-ernor. He was first elected to the House of Representatives in 1849. He has been in the Senate continuously since 1877.

A Kimball (Dak.) Justice of the Peace has made the announcement that during leap year he will charge no fee for marrying couples who will admi that the match was brought about by the lady exerting her leap-year prerogatives.

One of the most successful of orchid growers is young New Jersey woman, who, finding herself in straitened circumstances a few years ago, begat floriculture in a small way on a little piece of pin land. Now she has taken her younger sisters into partnership and is doing a big business.

Prof. David Swing, the celebrated Chicago o'clock each morning and rarely retires before it at night. His bard work is done in the forenoon. The Professor is fond of clocks, and his collection is second only to that of George W. Childs, of

Capt. Ike Shults, an old-time volunteer fireman. who is now dying in Louisville, was at one time regarded as one of the most perfectly formed men the country. He was also considered the fleet est runner in the United States, and could beat any man in a 100-yard dash with case. During his career he has run many races and was defeated but once, and that was in New Orleans.

A two-story wooden building in Savannah that erected by the members of Solomon's Ladge in 1799, and was used by the Masonic fraternity until 1858, is now being torn down to make room for a handsome structure. Many a noted Georgian has been initiated into Masonry within its walls, and it was there, in 1850, that Gen. Lopes, the Cuban patriot, who was soon after garroted in

Put Yourself in His Place.



En vious young man (speaking of favore rival)-Yes, George is clever and handsome, but he is so abominably concelted.

Sharp young lady-Cut, Mr. Dumley, if you were handsome and clever would not you be con cetted? (A few moment's effection, followed by total collapse of Dumley.

We Are Always in Front.

THE EVENING WORLD, faithful to its promise erve the public with the news of the day in advance of all contemporaries, scored another triumph yesterday. A full and able report of the first baseball game of the season at the Polo Grounds oppeared in a baseball extra, which was for sale on the doorsteps of the alleged live after-moon reper nine minutes before that journal had started its presse. This Evrning Wonko can be relied upon to give the people the news first.

A BEAUTIFUL VICTIM

Hew York in the Seventies,

From the Detective Diary of Supt. William Murray,

CHAPTER I-CONTINUED.

of the Metropolitan Police.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD. INSPECTOR Murray was attending to police usiness connected

with his district on the morning of Oct, 1 of that eventful year when Capt. Blake, of the Staten Island po-lice, was announced. He was admitted and when seated he laid before the New York Inspector an anonymous letter he had received. He gave a graphic story of finding the mutiliated body of a female in a barrel

anonymous letter merely said : "The body found in the barrel is that of Sarah Victoria Conners, who died under pe-

which was sunk in Silver Lake, but no-

where was there a mark of identity. The



MOUS LETTER.

Inspector Murray examined the letter critically and could not recognize the handwriting, but became convinced that the information had been vouchsafed in good faith and was not the work of the historic crank who invariably appears, immediately after the commission of a great crime, in the garb of a detective. The records of the Bureau of Vital Statistics were searched and this apparently harmless certificate was the result:

Sarah Victoria Conners, twenty-eight years and three months old, dressmaker by occupation, born in New York, residence third floor of No. 807 East Twenty-sixth street, died June 28, 1878. Last saw her alive June 27, 1878. Had been in poor nealth ix months. Cause of death, consumption. C. M. BAKER, 51 East Tenth street.

On the back of the certificate appeared an entry showing that the girl had been buried n Cypress Hills Cemetery on June 29, by D. H. Thorn, undertaker, of 215 Sixth street. "Well, Captain," remarked Inspector

there certainly is nothing on the face of that record to indicate any irregularity." "No," was the response of the Captain from Staten Island. " I am as much at sea as before, and I am weary following up clue after clue only to find the mystery of Silver

Murray, as he laid the certificate on his desk,

Leave this letter with me," said Inspector Murray, as the interview closed, "and rest assured if the Staten Island crime has a link in its chain of evidence in, this city we will find it."

Lake still more impenetrable."



HER SCANTILY FURNISHED APARTMENT GAVI EVIDENCE OF REFINEMENT.

The Inspector was haunted by this anony nous letter, and, though a silent messenger t seemed to have a thousand tongues, whis pering into his ear as he walked through the streets and hissing at him in his hours of slumber. He determined to investigate the matter at all events, and on the following morning the Inspector was merged into the Hawkshaw-a merciless sleuth-hound in the pursuit of a criminal and the unravelling of great mystery. It was impossible that Vicky Conners's body could be in Cypress Hills Cemetery and cut up and sunk in a bar rel at the bottom of Silver Lake at the same time and this was the great puzzle. Capt. Blake felt convinced that it bore no relation to the Staten Island crime, and there his interest ceased, as he turned his attention to other channels and other clues. The New York Inspector, however, was

familiar with the death certificate and burialtransit routine, and knew how easy a thing it was to destroy a body after all the legal formula was completed, should that extremity be decided upon to hide the evidence of crime. Who was Vicky Conners?-who were her parents?- what was her mode of life?-and when did consumption set in which ended in death? were the questions which suggested themselves to the Inspector. He determined to know this, and then he could tell whether his task was ended or had just begun.

A SAD, BITTER LIFE. Mrs. Conners, the mother of the dead girl, was poor, but her scantily furnished apartments gave evidence of refinement and bet ter days. She was gentle and well educated, but her life had been made up of many and bitter episodes, which weaved a picture full of dark and forbidding shadows, with scarcely a ray of sunshine.

She married one of three brothers who were well-to-do shoe manufacturers in Philadelphia, and her new life opened auspiciously. Her first-born was a girl and was christened Sarah Victoria. When the civil war broke out two of the brothers entered the Union army, leaving Vicky's father in control. The exigencies of the war destroyed the demand for finer grades of work in which

ately by the news of a great battle in which KNOWLEDGE BROUGHT A STEP NEARER TO THOSE NOW BRUT OUT.

> Gratification Over the Fact That the As sembly Has Ordered the Free Lecture Bill to a Third Reading-Young Work-ingmen Who Are Fond of Scientific Studies, But Are Unable to Pursue Them.

EVENING WORLD Free Lecture bill is source of gratification to all interested in the subject of public education. As is shown by the interviews procured by THE EVENING WORLD reporters, there are many intelligent young workingwith her babe, and took simple quarters in men who have a strong desire to study scientific subjects, and who are unable to do so because of the want of facilities at present. The fact that the Assembly has ordered the

was stricken ill and was unable longer to ply her needle in support of herself and child. Then she took Vicky from the asylum and made her a helpmeet in keeping up their little home. step nearer to all such.

LAURA'S FOLLY. To the Editor of The Evening World:

As I am a reader of The Evening World, I read
some storice which boys and girls wrote, so I try
my luck at writing a story, hoping you will publish
it in your paper. I am thirteen years old, and I
live at 61 Clarkson street. do not understand the care of them.

In a little cottage by the roadside sits an old man and his two daughters. Laura, the younger, sits by the fireside reading a book, while Jennie, the elder, darns some stockings for her father. Further down the road s another cottage in which dwells Jennie's

On the morrow Jennie and Fred meet on the roadside where Fred has his coach wait-ing, and Fred-proposes to Jennie that they ride down to Fred's house. They know noth-ing of the one who is lurking near, hearing all that is going on. Jennie and Fred walk to the coach while the one who is lurking pear follows them. near follows them.

In the cottage lies Jennie dying with the fever, while the old man is mourning for the loss of his daughter Laura, who has run away with Fred.

with Fred.
On a steamship bound for the city are two people; one is sickly while the other is as bright as ever. They sail two or three days more, while the one who is sickly gets worse and dies. Then Laura is mourning for the loss of Fred, and as soon as she lands she gets a ticket to go back again and ask forgiveness from her sister and her father.

Laura is now kneeling before her father, who has told her to leave his house, for she has brought her sister to her grave, who mourned and fretted at the loss of her lover. Laura begs her father not to turn her out in

Laura begs her father not to turn her out in the storm, but he is stern and tells her to go. She goes and meets with an accident and is taken to the hospital, and once there suffers a few days and dies.

This is Laura's folly. She parts two lovers and kills them both, and at the end repents and dies.

CAPT. DAVE WEBBER TELLS A STORY.

Ingenious Manner in which a 'Longshoreman Tapped a Cask. Capt. Dave Webber is quite a well-known

man along the water front. He is about seventy years old and has-figuratively speaking-lived on the New York wharves all his

"Yes." said he to a group of friends in a

"Yes," said he to a group of friends in a Grand street saloon the other day, "I guess that I know what it is to be a wharf rat, "lengshoreman and junk dealer as well as the next man, for that is my history.
"As a boy, I haunted the wharves; as a man, I did odd jobs along shore; and now in my old age I run a South street junk shop.
"The tricks of the 'longshoremen are many and clever. I'll tell you young fellows one of the smartest of their tricks, Some years ago—six I think—I was watchman on an East River pier where the ships from the West Indies unloaded. There were a great many casks of Jamaica rum on the from the West Indies unloaded. There were a great many casks of Jamaica rum on the wharf and I used to get complaints from the consignees that the casks were in some cases but three-quarters full. Some one had been ampering with them, yet the casks did not look as if they had been opened.

"I was told to keep a sharp lookout, and I did. One rainy day there were eight or ten

did. One rainy day there were eight or ten 'longshoremen loading about the wharf and eving the casks of rum. I suspected that the boys were up to something and, unbe-known to them, I slipped behind a hogshead at the end of the wharf.
"The boys were ta

"The boys were talking in groups, but three of them came down my way and began operations on a cask. Two of the men kept talking so as to avert suspicion, but the third fell to work. He had a gimlet, a can and a mallet. With the mallet he gently knocked down two of the hoops. This spread the staves a little. Then he bored a hole between two staves, inserted a straw, drew a whiff at it, and then the rum flowed freely into the

When it was filled the fellow plugged up "When it was filled the fellow plugged up the hole and hammered on the hoops, and if I hadn't caught him no one would have been the wiser, but a few men would have had a good drink for nothing.

"I had the three I caught discharged, and after that kept a sharp lookout, and there were no more complaints from the consumer.

Merchants, Travellers and Others. The St. James shelters E. Carlisle, of Denver, F. W. Ayer, of Bangor, Me., has rooms at the Hoffman. R. N. Baskin, a native of the Mormon City, is at the Gilsey.

G. Wm. Guild, of Boston, has apartments at the Fifth Avenue. Thos. R. Hea, a rich merchant of Pittsburg, is at the St. James. The Grand takes care of C. H. Brown, of Boston

R. F. Henry, the lumberman of St. Paul, is sheltered at the Glisey. J. Cummings, a big real-estate owner of Indian-apolis, is at the St. James. R. W. Thompson, ex-Secretary of the Navy, has rooms at the Fifth Avenue.

Senator Frank Riscock received many callers at the Fitta Avenue this morning. William A. Crombie, a merchant from Burlington, Vt., tarries at the Fifth Avenue. Jas. P. Witterson, the Pittsburg manufacture of iron furnaces, is at the Fifth Avenue.

County Judge J. S. L'Amorreaux, of Bailston N. Y., has a suit of rooms at the Gilsey. The Sturtevant accommodates C. H. Croscy, o Chicago, and F. Fullman, or Washington. George Baker, an American who has been living in Switzerland, is registered at the Hoffman. A well-known and wealthy merchant of Cinci nati, Isaac M. Jordan, is at the Fith Avenue. There are two big railroad men at the Hoffman James Barker, of Milwaukee, and J. L. Lewis, of St. Paul.

At the Astor this morning; J. C. Garvin, of Cleveland; C. H. Read, fr., of Washington; C. A. Godding, of Boston, and John N. Dunn, of Atlanta.

A Severe Test.



-I'm with it, heart and Stranger-Glad of the Stranger-Glad of the Stranger-Glad of the Stranger of the Stranger of your barley to a

Conners was engaged, and after a long and bitter struggle he was thrown into bank-ruptcy. This was followed almost immedi-

The news from Albany in regard to THE

bill to a third reading brings knowledge one

Following are interviews with people in every station in life: John Finn, florist, Sixty-seventh street and

Second avenue, says that THE EVENING World's Lecture bill is an excellent thing, and that a lecture on botany especially, would enlighten many people who have flowers and

Lewis M. Dennett, a Third avenue clothier, said: "The Lecture bill is a most excellent ides—just what the people want."

William Marr, the artist, of 10 East Fourteenth street, said: "I regard the Free Lecture bill most favorably. It is by far the best way of reaching the masses and giving the poor a liberal education."

The Rev. Dr. Amos W. Lyford said that the bill had his hearty approval. He hoped sincerely that it would become a law.

Robert Cushing, the sculptor, favors the bill

bill.

Peter Livechild, the Broadway jeweller, said: "My son is very fond of scientific studies and reads a great deal on such subjects. He has always expressed a desire to attend lectures, but has been unsuccessful in his search for free ones. His case is only one of many. It would be the best thing in the world if a Free Lecture bill were passed whereby the working people could learn the rudiments of science."

James S. Evans, who is employed in one of the large breweries uptown, is an enthusias.

the large breweries uptown, is an enthusias-tic advocate of the Free Lecture bill. He is fond of study, but cannot indulge this taste owing to lack of time in the day and lack of facilities at night.

Franz Vetta, the basso, became interested

Franz Vetta, the basso, became interested when an Evenine World reporter spoke of the Free Lecture bill, Mr. Vetta has travelled much abroad. He said; "In foreign countries the system of having schools for science exclusively is universal and teachers well up in what they teach are employed by the governments to lecture to the masses on scientific subjects. I think it would be the best thing that could happen should such a system be organized in this city."

Harry Waite, the advertising agent, said: "I am thrown into the company of poor people continually and have heard much comment on The Evening World's action regarding the free lectures. In all cases opinions have been in favor of it. I have not heard one unfavorable opinion."

WHENCE THE PAINT?

Specimen of a Spirit Landscape and Ques tions Suggested by It. To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have carefully read the account given in THE EVENING WORLD of the pictures made by spirits for Luther R. Marsh, and I observe that your reporter does not say whether paints were in the scance room or not at the time the pictures were produced. He does say that that there is no mark of brushes on



the canvas. I am not much concerned whether the likenesses are good or not; the

question is, whether the thing is fact or fraud. I inclose you a photograph—one of many of a painting done at Glasgow under similar conditions as your reporter describes, but in addition to the medium being in the seance room along with others all the materials needed room along with others all the materials needed for producing a painting were provided, in-cluding paints and brushes. The painting was done in the dark, in oil colors, the time occupied being a few seconds. The question is, who painted the picture? Was it the medium, David Duguid, or the spirit of Jan Stein? If the medium is not the person, who does

spirit of Jan Stein?

If the medium is not the person, who does the work who does it? And if the spirits do not, in the case of Mr. Marsh, use brushes, who supplies the paint?

I care not which way it is, only let us have the facts. Yours truly,

I. T. RECODES,

853 Third avenue.

The Noise Should Be Stopped

To the Editor of The Evening World : Will you allow a constant reader of your valuable paper a little space to express his disgust and contempt for the loafers that congregate in West Thirty-second street, beween Seventh and Eighth avenues, nightly and by their acts and insults make themselves obnoxious to passers-by? Between the above-named avenues young men and young girls congregate around the doorways and dance and sing, now and then accompanied by the strains of a harmonica, disturbing the quietness of the humble homes of the poor workingman. "One of the finest" is seldom seen in this neighborhood, but to his credit it may be said that his presence for the time being acts like a soothing syrup, and for a short time stops the noise. Would it not be well for a detective to make his appearance shortly after the policeman, and if necessary make an arrest, thereby proving to the nighthawks that they must keep within the bounds of propriety?

A WORKINGMAN. and by their acts and insults make them-

Farmers and the Half Holiday.

[From this Morning's World,]
The money-power is relying upon what it calls the "Grauger vote"—the representatives of farming communities—to secure the repeal or modification of the Saturday half holiday.

It is natural that farmers, who in the busy time

of the year work longer and harder than any other class, should, at first shought, object to giving other toilers a stated half holiday each week, especially if it inconveniences them in their customary hours for "going to the bank." But they ought to consider the difference in the situation. To "go to town "on Saturday is half a holiday for the farmer. He does a little selling and a little buying, swaps gossip or talks polities with his acquaintances, and has a change and let-up from his work. On rainy days, too, and in the long winter, most farmers either rest altogether or do but half the work ordinarily performes at other seasons. And they have pure air and healthful surroundings at all tig-es.

With city toilers everything is different. Their work is incessant throughout the year. It lacks variety. Frequently it must be done in bad air or amid the clatter and roar of machinery. The distance of the homes from the shops or stores in multitudes of cases is so great that no daylight remains for outdoor life during a large part of the year.

The Saturday half holiday is needed to give the of the year work longer and harder than any other

year.

The Saturday half holiday is needed to give the working people in cities any time for recreation, pleasure or improvement. Business of most sorts—banking in particular—could castly adjust itself to the law if it were known that it is the settled

BLOSSOMS FROM EASTER BONNETS.

Master bonnets bloomed rather infrequently ami he vast throng that surged up and down both sides of "the avenue" yesterday, but in the crowder churches one saw more of these seasonable vanities A marked preference appeared for aliver aray traws. They were seen trimmed with shade

olue ribbons and ourly feathers. A pretty gray straw English walking hat had on t a spray of pink apple blossoms and gray and sil-

A dark blue wide hat was trimmed with yellow aburnum flowers.

A black straw turban had a puff of dark green

relvet and a wreath of starry blackberry blo A dark green tulle hat was trimmed with red and A green bronze straw bonnet had little clusters

of shades of blue, pink, brown and cream bows. A gold-colored straw was trimmed with shades of copper ribbons. Dark brown hats were trimmed with pink and

Dark blue straws had trimmings of shaded blues

yellow and sliver.

A light brown or ecru turban had a twist of larker velvet and a big bow in front with a knot of violets and leaves.

A black turban had yellow jonquils. A pretty black lace bonnet was trimmed all

around the face with dangling gold sequins. Children's hats have wide brims and moderately high crowns. Many bats have long ribbon streamers behind. A pretty, small leghorn bonnet was decorated

ples and two dark green quills. Violets trim many bats and bonnets. Very small crushed roses are in great favor.

TO CATCH THE FLEETING NOTE.

with black ploot-edged velvet ribbon, scarlet pop-

New Instrument to Record Improving tions on the Plane.

Beneath the key-board of an upright piano in Pond's is a queer, box-like contrivance. It seemed so out of place to the eye of an EVENING WORLD reporter who noticed it yesterday that he inquired its use.

"That is an automatic musical recording attachment," he was told. "For a great many years inventors have been at work attempting to perfect an attachment for the piano which would record improvisations, For a longer time composers and amateur musicians have desired such a machine to capture the hundreds of beautiful melodies. phrases and themes which are the inspiration of the moment and are forever lost with the inspiration. For the lack of such an attach-ment some of the most beautiful creatures of the master minds in music have set the air vibrating but once.

vibrating but once.

'Inventions of this character have succeeded in a measure, but all have been more or less faulty in the matter of complication and liability to get out of order.

"I think, however, that all the difficulties in the way have been surmounted by the inventor of this attachment. I have tested it and it recorded faithfully every detail of note-value, time and key."

The attachment is a compact arrangement fixed directly beneath the key-board of the instrument and consists of a series of pen-

instrument and consists of a series of pencils, which work automatically mon a roll of paper moved by clock-work. There is a pencil for each key of the instrument.

The paper is ruled longitudinally, the pencils playing in the spaces. The black notes are represented on the paper by the cross-ruling of the spaces corresponding therete.

When in the humor for improvisation the musician sits down to his instrument and touches a spring which starts the clock-work and sets his recording machine in motion. Every note that it is his pleasure to strike on Every note that it is his pleasure to strike on the piano is accurately recorded on pencilled lines on the roll. The length of the lines determine the relative value of the notes. Of course, the music recorded is not writ-ten in musical characters, but it is an easy matter for a trained musician to translate it it into regulation musical manuscript, In fact, it is said to be easier to read than many bad manuscript neces.

many bad manuscript pieces.

The inventor of this wonderful work of mechanical genius is Bruno Greiner, a Ger-man musician who has for many years been at work upon the problem how to make musical composition easy.



A Loap-Year Explanation. Griggs-See here, Slimley, a word with you be fore you go. You've been calling on my sister fo three months, and I thing it's about time to ask
your intentious.
Slimley-Perfectly honorable. Ton Slimley—Perfectly honorable, Tom. She pro-osed to me to-night, and we'll be married soon.

datling, you wouldn't ever— Mr. Porcipacker—Hush, dear! Wait until you've lived here five years.

Honeymoon in Chicago.

[From Puck.]
Mrs. Porcipacker (tearfully)—If I should die,

Equal to the Occasion. [From Judge.] Passenger-You must do with a quarter this time, Augustus. I haven't anything less than a hundredlollar bill. Palace Car Porter—I can change it fo' you, sah

Easter Monday. (From Puck.)
Bobley—Didn't see any April fools yesterday, uppose, Grafton ? Grafton—I 'b wud byself. Hatchew I Cabe out id a dew spri'gsult, you dow.

Waiter-Isn't that a splendid wine? Guest-It has a fine flavor. The color pleases me very much.

Watter—I should smile. Maybe the boss didn't have a time getting it up to the color. He had to ransack all the drug stores in town.

The Right Color.

[From Judgs.]
Park Policeman—Git off dat grass dere! you Park Commissioner (facing about)—Report at the

rare Commendately, sir! Aren't you assumed to areenal immeniately, sir! Aren't you assumed to use such language when in uniform? Policeman—'Xouse me, boss: slathered 'f I know'd 'twas you. I was only 'pointed yisterday, Been a ke-per fur t'ree years in der Ward's Island lunatic 'sylum. He Was Full of Life. [Prom Harper's Baser.]
"Your money or your life!" demanded a fool

pad of a pedestrian who at a late hour one nigh was treading his way along a dark and narro trian, and proceeded to demonstrate his possession of the former in such a manner that, an hour later, when the would-be robber jathered himself up from the dust, he felt of his body ell over to assure himself that he was something more than a sulf of cast-off clothing.

MODERN GOOD SAMARITANS.

SOME OF THE CHARITABLE WORK OF NEW YORK CITY HEBREWS.

The Good Showing and Benevelont Work of the Mount Sinal Hospital, the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, the Technical School, the Monteflere Home for Chronic Invalida and the Bome for Aged Hebrews.

There are 125,000 Hebrews in New York. Their names greet the eye from signs on nearly every mercantile building in the city. They are a thrifty race, and are accredited with having cut a sound set of eye-teeth.

They are something else besides traders, They are religious, and yet unobtrusive in their observance of their religious customs. They are social, yet exclusively so. They are charitable, yet so unostentatious in their charity that it may be truthfully said that their right hand knows not what their left doeth. Indeed, so firmly rooted is the idea that New York's Hebrew citizens are engrossed in the occupations of trade, that

their many charities are lost sight of. Yet no sect or people or New York have so amply and so wisely provided for their poor or weak members as have the Jews. And their charities are not restricted to people of their own religious creed. The good that they have done and are doing is immeasura

The last annual report of Secretary De Witt J. Seligman, of the Mount Sinai Hospital, signed by President Hyman Blum, Isaac Wallach, Samuel M. Schafer and fifteen other officers, all Hebrews, contains this paragraph.

"In the walks of life the stranger falling by the roadside is tenderly cared for by those drawn to him by feelings of humanity. There is but one thought in their minds to

There is but one thought in their minds—to afford relief."

Mount Sinai Hospital was incorporated in 1852, and is located at Lexington avenue, Sixty-sixth and Sixty-seventh streets. Last year 1,786 patients were admitted, and 1,635 were cared for free of charge, with no inquiry as to their race, creed or condition.

Dying Hebrews left to the hospital legacies amounting to \$23,450 in 1887, and this, added to gifts from the 1,800 members of the society, patrons and other sources, brought the receipts for the year up to \$82,639. Yet the expenses of the hospital for the year exceeded this by nearly \$3,000. There are 190 patients in this institution at present.

In Tenth avenue at One Hundred and Thirty-eighth street the Hebrews have the finest and most complete orphan asylum in New York. The buildings are capacious and admirably arranged, and the management is

admirably arranged, and the management is most rational. The grounds are delightful, and more than five hundred orphaned little ones find a home here—a home in fact as well as in name, under the superintendency of kind Dr. Barr.

of kind Dr. Barr.

In Stuyvesant street the Hebrews maintain a "Technical School," in which 150 boys are learning mechanical trades under the efficient supervision of M. Leipziger. George H. Hoffman is the President of the society under whose auspices the school is working. The boys come to the school from all parts of the city, and at noon each day they are served with a hot dinner. The school is accomplishing much in educating the lads for a working life.

All New York had its even covered by All New York had its eyes opened last All New York had its eyes opened last winter at the stupendous success of the fair for the benefit of the Montefore Home for Chronic Invalids, which was held twelve days and nights in the new Central Park Garden, at the Grand Circle entrance to Central Park, now occupied as a riding academy.

Among the great names whose services in behalf of their fellow-beings have illumined the records of benevolent action during this

the records of benevolent action during this century, none shines with brighter effulgence than that of Sir Moses Montefore, "the old man munificent." In 1884, prompted by a man munificent." In 1884, prompted by a desire to fitly commentate the one hundredth birthday of Sir Moses, Jacob H. Schiff, Jesse Seligman, Isaac Wallach, Samuel M. Schafer and other Hebrews whose names have become associated with many charitable undertakings, formed an organization which crystalized two years later in the corporation known as the Montefore Home for Chronic Invalids, and Oct. 26, 1886, a comfortable house was secured at Eighty-fourth street and Avenue A, and opened under happiest auspices, for it was proclaimed that neither race, creed nor condition would be looked into, and that the only question would be as to the physical condition of the applicant.

The famous fair opened on Dec. 6, and it seemed as it the whole Hebrew population turned out to give their mites to the project.

seemed as it the whole Hebrew population turned out to give their mites to the project. For two weeks there was a perfect exodus from the Jewish homes of the city to the scene of the fair. Adolph L. Sanger and Samuel M. Schafer, the committee appointed for the purpose, reported that the magnificent sum of \$158,071.84 had been realized by the fair. the fair.

To the "women of Israel" was generousl

given all the credit for this success. And now the "Home" is not adequate to the de-mands upon it, and a massive and appro-priate structure is in course of erection in the Boulevard at One Hundred and Thirtythe Boulevard at One Hundred and Thirtyninth street.

The recent charity ball of the Purim Association had for its beneficiary the Home for
Aged and Infirm Hebrews, a model institution in One Hundred and Fifth street, near
Ninth avenue. The Home was described in
conjunction with The Evening World's
three-column report of the ball.

The most pleasant thing about the Hebrew
charities is the entire absence of the air of
the "institution" about them. The old
folks at this home are neatly dressed, the
men in broadcloth and the women as they
fancy.

It is so in all the Hebrew homes and asy-

It is so in all the Hebrew homes and asylums. There is no watchful Squeers, gruel nor tar-water: no soup-kettles full of boiling meat or vegetables; no musty, prison smell. Uniforms are not forced upon the forms of the unfortunates who are compe to accept of charity, and everything is ex-actly "rational."

An Illustrative Reply.

Rev. Mr. Righter (s curing material for

form)-To what do y (speaking from the be tom of his heart)-Pocket ntekin', boss

The Flying Dove of Peace. A richly freeted quivering, flying Dove. A Dress

Life screen calendar. An imported ideal head. An is ported frosted snow scene and a full set of magnifi floral cards. Fourteen artistic pieces. Sent to any on who will buy from a druggist a box of the genuine Da C. McLane's CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS (price 25 cts.) and mail us the outside wrapper from the box with ents in stamps. Write your address plainly. Prancise BROS., Pittsburg, Pa.

DR. C. McLaur's Liven Pills are a sure sure Sick Headache, Billiousness and Dyspepsia. They are peculiarly adapted for ladies, and are absolutely sa